

WOMEN

MEN

MANAGER

that's what the signs say, and the movie is so bad
I am out in the lobby reading bathroom doors
and wondering about urinals

ever since Cherry told me about the tiny one
in the women's head and I matched that to the three
calibrated small-through-tall models in my john
and started to wonder if next door there was a
Paul Bunyan arrangement located halfway
up the wall.

I knock on the mysterious door. Nothing
but a pimply usher stacking pennies. Up there?
Pictures of pictures.

Disappointed I decide to wash my hands and face the
musical. I charge through MEN and right into a
dwarf, Grumpy by the sound of things. He is
standing on tip-toe, straining for height, swearing
a little blue streak.

I tell him about the facilities next door. He tips
me a quarter which somehow makes the afternoon
not a complete loss

and as shrieks begin and crowds start to gather
I can see it turning into
a really memorable day.